

Skip James "22-20 Blues"

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Note: hyphen=word unsung

Oh, Mr. Crest, Mr. Crest

How in the world you

Expect for me to rest?

Oh, Mr. Crest, Mr. Crest

How in the world you

Expect for me to rest?

You've got my 22-20

Layin' up across my breast

Oh, if I send for my baby

An she act a fool

An she don't never come

If I send for my baby

She act a fool

An she don't never come

All the doctors in New York City

I declare, they can't help her none

You know, sometimes she gets unruly

An she act like she just don't wanna do

Sometimes she gets unruly

An she act like she just don't wanna -

But I get my 22-20

I cut that woman half in two

Oh, your .38 Special

Buddy, it's most too light

Your .38 Special

Buddy, it's most too light

But my 22-20

Will make ev'rything, alright

Ah-or, your .44-40

Buddy, it'll do very well

Your .44-40

Buddy, it'll do very well

But my .22-20

I declare you, it's a-burnin' hell

I was stranded on the highway-hi

With my 22-20 in my -

I was standin' on the highway
With my 22-20 in my -
They got me 'cussed for murder
I declare, I never have harmed a man

Lord, oh I measured my gun
An it's just a-long as my right arm
I measured my gun
An it's just a-long as my right -
I'm gon' raise me some sand
And back down the road, I declare.

~

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